

Snape's Potters

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Snape's Potters

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Severus loved James. He always had...

A tale of love, loss, woe and comfort from the most unlikely places.

Notes

This is very angst-y and will be updated periodically. If you want one right away, simply yell at me.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Love and Loss

Severus' first thought when he saw that black-as-night kitten sitting on the floor outside of the Slytherin common room, looking up at him with those wide grey eyes, was "I am so screwed."

He couldn't help himself as he knelt down and gathered the little bundle of fur into his arms and slipped into the common room, narrowly avoiding getting grabbed by Lucius Malfoy and his cronies on his way to his dorm.

He put the kitten on his bed, than shed his robes and sat on his bed, looking at the small bundle of sleek, black fur and wide, grey eyes.

He softly petted the kitten's head. "You shouldn't have come here." he mumbled quietly, pulling his arm away and keeping his eyes away from the kitten, refusing to watch as the other changed.

Severus' gaze was forced back when he felt the bed shift and a warm hand on his thigh. His heart swelled slightly when he looked into the face of one James Potter. His hair was wild and black as ever, his eyes were still like melted steel, and his lips still looked sinfully kissable.

James' warm hand trailed up Severus' body, causing shivers of delight to run through the smaller boy, as his hand moved up to cup Severus' cheek.

"I couldn't stay away." was James' whispered answer as he leaned in, softly capturing Severus' lower lip between his lips, kissing him softly, waiting, as he always did, for Severus to take it farther. And Severus, as he always did, tangled his fingers in James' unruly hair and pressed their mouths more firmly together, their tongues meeting and their teeth scraping, both intent upon nothing more than completely submersing themselves in the other.

James worked Severus' shirt up over his head, shedding his shortly after, he attacked Severus' lips furiously, his hands trying to touch every part of the younger boy that he could reach.

Severus felt James everywhere. Every part of his being vibrated with the feeling of the other boy against him, and Severus wondered. Was this love?

oOo

Severus sat quietly against the tree next to the lake, looking out over the rippling water, the moon hung in the starry sky above him, his mind was full and his heart was fuller. He had no idea how they had managed to keep their relationship a secret for a whole year, especially since James started hanging out with the two single most-straight people Severus had ever seen. Sirius Black and Remus Lupin.

Sirius was tall, dark and had that badass look that made most girls, and a couple guys, swoon. Remus Lupin, on the other hand, was quiet, shy and extremely well-mannered. He never participated when Sirius decided to pick on Severus, who had become his favorite target in the 5th year.

James didn't participate either, but Severus' heart ached when he would just stand and watch. He would just stare at him with those haunting grey eyes, emotion-less. Those same eyes that, so many times, stared at Severus, full of love and devotion.

A couple weeks into the 5th year James told Severus that he couldn't let anyone know that he was gay, that it would destroy his life. And for that reason, he had started publicly dating Lily Evans.

Lily Evans was Severus' best friend in the world. He loved her as his own sister and would do anything for her. But when he heard her name spoken from the same lips that had so many times whispered his, he wanted to kill her.

Severus had never felt so betrayed, but he knew he would forgive James. He would make excuses and forgive him, because he loved him. And that was more important than anything else. As long as James was happy, then Severus would be too.

He was lying to himself.

As the year passed James' visits became less and less frequent, sometimes he promised to come, then didn't appear at all, leaving Severus to stay up all night, only to learn the next morning that James had been seen snogging Lily on the Quidditch pitch that night.

Severus had never been so happy to return to his home for summer break, almost craving the pain his father would deliver, because he knew it would help distract him from the pain he felt inside.

One horrible day of that summer, Severus was walking along a small path in the woods by his house, he was headed towards a small pond, the same pond that he used to play in with Lily, when they were children.

He heard voices just before he stepped into the small clearing, and when he pushed aside the grass and looked, his entire world was crushed.

"I love you, Lily." Were the words coming from James' mouth as he hovered over the naked girl lying on the ground. "You and you only,...forever."

Severus knew that he should leave, but his feet refused to move, his limbs grew heavy and his heart felt as if it was being shredded, slowly and torturously with a rusty knife.

James' eyes flashed up and Severus' brain barely registered that he had let out a choked sob, he wasn't even aware of the tears streaming down his face as he stared endlessly into those forever-grey eyes.

All he could think was "Why?"

The Worst Mistake

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The rest of that summer was a living hell for Severus.

He stayed in his bedroom almost the whole time, merely venturing out to find whatever potion ingredients were around his house.

I myself, think that Severus had every right to go straight up to James and shove a knife in his throat. But, whether you or I believe he should, Severus could never hurt James. James still held the shattered remains of Severus' heart. And if James were to die,...Severus would go with him.

During the 6th year Severus would often see Lily Evens holding a small black kitten on her shoulder or in her arms. When people would ask her where she got it, she would say that Severus gave it to her.

"No." Severus would think to himself as he glared at the girl he used to love as a sister. "You stole him from me."

Of course Severus could've easily, simply ignore Lily and her pet, but it had not been so easy to ignore Sirius Black and Remus Lupin. Who, more-often-than-not, had some sort of plot to humiliate him.

Usually, Severus would be quiet and take whatever they would throw at him. But when the day came, that James joined in the Severus-attacking, he couldn't take it anymore.

He retaliated.

oOo

His wand had been taken from him by the arrogant bastard that was Sirius Black, and James just attacked him with a barrage of hexes, not paying attention to see if one hit before firing the next.

At that moment Severus was done with being quiet and not fighting back. He was done with just rolling over and taking it! He flew forward, dodging hex after hex and eventually reaching James, his fist connecting with James' nose. The sickening sound of cartilage crunching met Severus' ears and an insane, sadistic grin spread on his lips as he pulled his hand back and hit him again, knowing that James could be healed in seconds, he wanted to deliver as much pain as possible while he could.

Severus was slightly aware of a burning pain in his side as he repeatedly battered James' crushed nose, but it wasn't until he couldn't feel his arms anymore did he register that he was bleeding copious amounts of blood from a wound just below his ribs.

Severus' vision flitted in and out of black as he stumbled back dizzily, looking at the blood covering his clothes and hands. The last thing he remembered was falling into someone's arms and a warm pair of lips kissing him.

"Severus, my love...please don't leave me..."

oOo

It was never revealed when Severus had awakened, who had caught him, but he didn't need anyone to tell him.

He knew that voice.

That voice that had so many times whispered "I love you." to him and just the summer before, had promised that love to another.

It was James.

But why? Severus had been so confused, broken and desperate, he, in the next week after the incident, formulated a plan.

A plan to get James' love back, once and for all.

Chapter End Notes

Cliffhanger! Kind of. I'll update soon, I promise! But I'm going to a New Years party, so don't expect it before Friday, at least.

Happy New Year to all!

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Beware of cliffhangers!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was probably the stupidest thing Severus would ever do, but one night he waited outside on the Quidditch pitch, hiding in the shadows, watching Lily Evans pace, both were waiting for a certain black-haired rogue to appear.

Little did Severus know, James was smarter than he acted.

oOo

Severus was quietly waiting in the shadows, waiting for James to come and meet Lily.

He didn't even really know what he was going to do when James did appear, all he knew is that he was either going to kiss him or hex him, with the latter being more likely.

He just had to know. He had to know why, why James did what he did, why he loved Severus then broke Severus' heart with each word he spoke.

Severus wasn't going to lie to himself anymore.

He wanted James.

He wanted him with every fiber in his being.

He loved James with all of his heart and soul. He ached to hold him, to touch him, to hear his whispered words of love,...even if it was just one more time.

Severus' heart nearly stopped when he looked up and saw Lily standing directly in front of him.

"You came." she whispered, gently cupping his cheek, her thumb rubbing over his lower lip softly.

Severus was stunned. His body frozen in shock, unable to respond or resist as she leaned in, stepping on her tippy-toes and kissing him.

Lily's soft lips moved against his motionless ones, trying to get a response out of him. "Severus, please..." she pleaded, pulling away, her voice was soft, but broken. "Please forgive me..."

Severus was unable to speak, his voice was stuck in his throat as he mind tried to process everything that just happened.

He was nearly relieved when a hand was placed over his eyes, but that relief melted away into dread when it was removed.

Lily was gone.

In her place stood the one and only James Potter.

Chapter End Notes

Review as it suits you!

Please

Chapter Summary

Beware of angst and sadness

If I were in Severus' shoes, I would be warring between kneeling James in the balls, or kneeling him REALLY HARD in the balls. Obviously Severus wasn't thinking rationally enough to do it.

oOo

"...James?"

Severus' quiet whisper was laden with hurt, pain, wonder, curiosity, love and desire.

"Why?" was all he could say, with those guilty, grey eyes staring into his, and that sinfully wonderful body pressed against his.

James looked down, his thick lashes lying against his pale cheek, the colors contrasting stunningly and making Severus' heart stir.

"I'm sorry, Sev." he said quietly, barely able to look up and meet Severus' dark eyes. "I-I want to explain, but it's so difficult..."

Severus' eyes narrowed and in a flash, much to James' surprise, it was suddenly Severus holding James against the wall, their faces mere inches apart, their hot breath making steamy puffs in the cool night air, as they stared each other down.

"You owe me a very long and detailed explanation, at the very least." Severus growled, not really able to decide whether he wanted to listen to James, hex him or just shag him silly.

He opted for listening,...at the moment anyways. Hexing and/or shagging could come later.

Severus released James, with as much venom as he could muster, which, at the moment, was very little, given the fact that he was 2 inches away from his very heart and soul.

"Explain." he said quietly, refusing to give James the satisfaction of hearing the want in his voice.

The ebony-haired boy nodded, though he didn't relax his posture. "I love you, Severus." James began, his next words already making Severus lean towards hexing him. "I love Lily, too."

"Yeah, I heard." Severus said sarcastically. "You and you only, forever." he repeated bitterly.

"I- I was trying to convince myself that I didn't love you, Severus." James whispered. "I was trying to tell myself that I had no feelings for you,...but no matter how hard I tried,...you were always there. And I realised, that no matter how hard I try,...a part of me, will always belong...to you."

Severus' eyes were sparkling with unshed tears of pain and love as he listened to James speak. When he finished, Severus' tears were spilling over his thick lower lashes, trailing down his cheeks and clinging stubbornly to his chin. "But you'll choose her..." he said, his voice was broken.

James swallowed heavily and sighed. "Y-yes, Severus. A-as much as I love you...I love Lily more.."

James' words didn't compute in Severus' brain. His blood was rushing in his ears and he could vaguely register screaming "Noooooooooooo!" at the top of his lungs as he raced off,...directly away from James Potter, going to his dungeons to lock himself in his bedroom and mourn his lost love.

oOo

I don't know about you all, but I want to hex James' balls off.

Love is death

Chapter Summary

Love is life
For it lifts you to the highest points of the world

When that love stops,..
You fall..
And love becomes death

Severus never trusted anyone.

Except James.

Severus never loved anyone.

Except James.

Severus never would trust anyone again.

Severus would never love anyone again

Or so he thought...

oOo

It was a particularly cold and dark night when a hooded figure shuffled through the abandoned streets of muggle London, ending up in the shadows just outside of an old barber shop.

There he waited...

In the freezing cold

His only comfort being his knowledge that he had not underestimated his contact.

A small crack in the open air and another hooded figure appeared, shivering visibly as the cool air blew up the hem and hood of his cloak, exposing a mop of wild black hair and round-rimmed glasses sitting on the bridge of a elegantly sloped nose.

"James." came the acknowledging whisper from the first, his voice was quiet, yet so deep it was almost loud. "You have grown well."

"Yes, I have, Severus, now why did you drag me here?!" the other demanded, being sorely tempted to hex the other into oblivion.

Severus stood to his full height, a good two inches taller than James, and sneered down at him, feeling an over-whelming shock when he had no urge to do anything other than hit him very hard right in the nose.

"How strange,.." he purred, standing back. "It is not how I expected it to be."

James had been very surprised to get a message from Severus requesting a meeting. After all, the Slytherin was now one of Voldemort's death eaters.

"Why did you bring me here?" he growled, the angry sound cut off when his lips were suddenly being crushed by Severus' on his own.

James was frozen in shock for a second, before he could push away, Severus already had pulled back.

"They're coming for you." he whispered, his fingers tangled in James hair, his lips hovering mere inches from James'. "They're coming for the boy..."

With one final kiss on his lips, there was a 'crack' and Severus was gone, leaving a stunned and terrified James behind.

Your mother's eyes

It hurt to be able to see him, but not to take and touch him, smell him, taste him, ravish his small body until the sun rose in the skies.

Severus went through every day protecting the child of the man he used to love and the woman he once considered a sister.

But Severus' reason were so much more than just that. He wanted to protect Harry, no matter how much he tried to hate the boy, he wanted him alive, he needed him alive.

His entire being cried out for the young boy, he craved him, ached for him, but he held himself back, knowing that Harry would, no doubt, find a lovely young girl and have a happy life.

But that was not to be.

Severus fought for Harry from the shadows, protected Harry from the shadows and loved Harry from the shadows, though, it seemed, the boy grew to hate him more each year.

Severus couldn't help himself falling asleep at night after a sinful moment in the shower, pleasuring himself while thinking of desiring that soft, lithe body.

Severus was truly and unconditionally in love with the young boy, but it didn't matter, his feelings were unrequited.

~

Severus lay down at night, his heart and mind heavy, his body not sated, but his mind refusing to let him give in to his pleasures.

His ears caught a small sound and it roused him enough to go to the door and check.

At first, when he opened the door, he saw nothing, but then he looked down.

There sat a little midnight-black kitten with emerald green eyes.

epilogue

'Why Potter? Why of all people in this entire school, in the entire world did it have to be Potter?'

Severus silently brooded and grumbled to himself as he looked down at the cute little purring mess of black fur sitting in his lap.

That little mess of black fur took that opportunity to look up at Severus with his luminous green eyes and Severus sighed in resignation as he carefully stroked the silky black fur of the kitten, gently petting his head, caressing him with a time-worn, but loving hand.

"Why do you insist upon sleeping in my quarters, Potter?" Snape grouched, his lips unable to help turning up slightly as the little kitten grew and changed right in his lap, turning back into the shaggy, black-haired boy wearing solid black robes.

"Because you're warm." Harry said, letting his legs slip over the outsides of Severus', straddling the older man as he leaned forward and kissed him; gently meshing their lips together, as his hands busied themselves with unbuttoning the plethora of buttons on Severus' robes.

"Potter, we have no time for this type of frivolity." Severus said, holding the glassy-eyed youth away from him. "We need to sleep, I have to teach tomorrow and you must try to learn."

Harry smirked and pushed away Severus' arms, pushing their bodies together as he leaned back to his lover. "I'll learn much better if I am sated." Harry said, leaning down and pressing a small kiss to the underside of Snape's jaw, where he knew it was most sensitive. "And I know you'll teach better if you're not cock-blocked."

Severus was internally agreeing with his young lover's words, not that he would ever let him know, of course.

"Very well," he said, grabbing Harry's hands and pulling them to the youth's sides. "Then we shall not make a mess of the relaxation area again. I have a bed for a reason, and at the moment it's not to sleep in."

Harry laughed and rolled his eyes, pulling his arms away from Severus' grip and locking them around his shoulders. "Then carry me there, my loyal Slytherin." He murmured, leaning forward and pressing their mouths together in a heated kiss as he ground his erection down against Snape's.

The Slytherin prince seemed to have no further objection as he grabbed two handfuls of that plush arse and pulled the young Gryffindor up with him, never breaking the kiss, and carrying him into the bedroom.

Harry released a small "oof" as Severus dropped him on his back on the bed, but all protests were silenced when his clothes were spelled away and his young body was exposed to his lover's heated gaze. He would have thought Severus unaffected, were it not for the very obvious erection tenting his robes.

"Come, Sev," he said, spreading his legs invitingly. "I am ready for you. I prepared."

Severus smirked as his own clothes were spelled away and his erection sprung free, ready to be devoured by Harry's sweet ass. Just the thought of being buried within his silken heat had Snape's heart racing.

He looked down at the boy before him and sighed in contentment. He finally got what he wanted in life. And he was *never* going to let him go.

End Notes

I hope y'all like it! Read, Kudos and Review! Especially review!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!